

What is this?

"This, dear, is that suffering animal, the editor."

But what is the editor?

He is the man, darling, who runs the paper.

My! I thought the paper ran itself. That is the popular impression.

But not correct?

Not entirely so.

I thought the talented contributors wrote the stories.

They do.

And that the funny man built all the jokes?

He does.

And that the dyspeptic genius wrote the poems?

Certainly.

And the poor type; I thought he set all the type?

Yes.

And that the printer—he worked off the edition?

He does.

Then what in the name of goodness does the editor do?

He talks.

With whom?

With people who come in to help him pass away the time.

Oh! then the editor has plenty of time to waste?

Lots.

Who is that long-haired lunatic with the roll of paper?

The gifted poet.

What does he want?

He wants to know what became of that "Ode to a Withered Violet," in forty-seven stanzas, which he sent in last spring.

What did?

It was filed away in the stove.

Does the editor say so?

Oh! no.

What does he say?

He says that he sent it back.

My! but isn't that a twist?

Yes, dear.

What does the poet say?

That he is sorry, because the Century offered him \$65 for it.

And what is that?

A lie.

And who is that man with the club?

He is the "Constant Reader."

And he wants——

To inquire why his last communication was not answered.

And why was it not?

Because it was seven columns long and only in the interest of one person.

Who was that?

Himself.

And that fashionable gentleman sucking his cane?

He is the delight of the editorial room.

What is his business?

He has none.

Why then does he come?

Because it is too late for luncheon and too early to walk on the avenue.

But I don't understand.

Neither does the editor.

Cool.

"By jove, now don't you know the boys in this country are cool," said the earl of Linsdale, who is now visiting Arkansas. "W'y the other day I went out here in the hills, an' seeing a be chopping wood, I approached, as down on a stone and began a conversation."

"How long have you been living here, sonny?"

"Ever since I was born."

"How old are you?"

"I'm the youngest in the fam'ly 'cept Dick, an' he's dead."

"Are there many rattlesnakes in this neighborhood?"

"Wall, or few."

"I'd like to see one?"

"Wall, jes' look thar behind y' and by jove, looking around I saw a bloody reptile just ready to fasten his teeth in me. Oh, the boys here, a cool don't you know."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

He Was Insane.

"What occupation has the defendant followed?" asked the attorney for the defense in a case of petition for the appointment of a conservator.

"He carried a hod for \$1.50 a day," replied the witness.

"Had he succeeded in saving a money?"

"He had saved up \$1,000."

"Well," said the lawyer, pointing his index finger at the nose of the witness, "do you swear that you believe the defendant to be crazy?"

"I do," said the witness, firmly.

"What did he do to make you think him insane?"

"He threw down his hod and started a country newspaper!"

"That will do," said the court, "him in the asylum and the conservator will be appointed."

Husband and Wife.

"That is a beautiful young woman across the way," said Jones to his wife.

"She is, indeed," the lady assented.

"A remarkable pretty woman."

"I wonder if the gentleman who she just now met is her husband?"

"I think he must be," replied Mrs. Jones.

"I notice he didn't lift his hat to her."

♦♦♦♦♦

The cruelty of woman's criticism sometimes goes beyond life. "You ever see a more natural creature than Mrs. Podson?" asked a lady of a friend. "Such a contented smile."

"Contented smile," repeated the friend. "It was all put on."

[Bill Nye, in Denver Opinion.]

We should so live that when the unannounced comes to be a parent it will find us prepared. Like a thief in the night, at an hour when we think not, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the call may come to us. Let the night-lamp, therefore, be trimmed and burning, and the alarm where we can lay hold on it at any time. But, above all, we should make ourselves conversant with those little parliamentary rules which must govern the conduct of the parent in his or her social contact with the child. A few suggestions upon what constitute etiquette and shows good breeding in this branch of society, readily marking and contrasting the cultivated parent and distinguishing him or her from the vulgar, the snide, the plebeian, the canaille (as we say in France), the James Crow and the sans culottes parent, might not be ill-timed or inopportune.

In wiping a child's nose he extremely careful to leave the nose. Some parents use so much unnecessary strength in doing this that they find when it is too late that they have wiped the nose of a pet child into space. Nothing gives more pain. Nothing can be more pitiful than the child's first look of sorrow and disappointment when he starts to wipe his nose and discovers that is gone. Pause, fond parent, while the wipe is in its incipency, and resolve that you will spare its nose. It can be of no use to you, and the loss of it will be a constant annoyance to the child.

Teach your children the beauty of frankness and open candor toward all. Impress upon him the beauty of being what you appear to be, and hate deception everywhere. If you fondle him and dote on him in society and jerk him baldheaded in the seclusion of the home circle, he will readily understand what you mean. Children soon learn that if you hug their little gizzards flat while visitors are about, and then when the home life is again resumed, you throw them down cellar and wear out a table leg on their chubby limbs, that life is real, life is earnest, and the square-toed, open, frank policy is not generally in use.

Parents should impress upon their children the beauty of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, if they know what that is; I don't. If there should be but one piece of pie, give it to "poor sick papa." It may kill him, and after the funeral your young life will be one prolonged hallelujah and rose-tinted whoop'emup'lizajane.

Parents should not be constantly suspicious of their children. This will inevitably breed hypocrisy and unreliability. If you fear that your son is playing pin-pool, do not break down your constitution and bring on delirium-tremens, hanging around the pool-tables watching all night for him. He will look upon you with distrust, and no doubt at last tell you to go and soak your head.

Do not constantly tell your boy "how tall" he is—that he "grows like a weed"—and finally make him think he is a giraff. If you keep it up you will finally make a round-shouldered, awkward, bashful beanpole out of a mighty good-looking boy. If every tall boy in this country will agree to lick every wooden-headed man who tells him "how he does grow," I will agree to hold the coat of said tall boy.

I am now dealing with a subject of which I happen to be informed. The same rule applies to girls as well. If you want to make your daughter fall over the piano and yearn to climb a tree whenever she sees anybody come towards the house, tell her "what a great swalloping tom-boy she is getting to be." In this way, if parents act judiciously and in concert, we can soon have a nation of young men and women whose manners and carriage will be as beautiful and symmetrical as the plaster caste of a sore toe.

He Had Once Had a Young Wife Himself

"Well, John," said old man Jordan to his young friend, "you have been married, I hear."

"Yes, sir," he answered, "Just a month ago, and I want you to go up to dinner with me to-day."

"Have you got a cook?"

"No."

"Well, my boy s'pose we go to restaurant this time. You must remember I had a young wife once myself."

Mamma (at the foot of the stairs)—Come Bobby, dear, it's time little boy went out of bed. Breakfast is nearly ready.

Bobby—Yes'n-un-m-m.

Big sister (a little later)—Bob-bee-breakfast is on the table—Come right down this minute.

Bobby—Yas-yas-un-m-m.

Old Gentleman (a little later still)—Robert!

Robert—Yes sir!—Times.

Jinks—"Why, Finks, old boy, how are you? My gracious, how you have changed."

Finks—"In what way?"

Jinks—"You seem to have grown rather careless. You used to be quite a dude."

Finks—"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I'm married."

Jinks—"Not a dude any more then?"

Finks—"No; I'm sub-dude."—(Philly dolfia Cal)

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